



# The Horrible Dib Dib

## CHILDREN'S BOOKS BY IDRIES SHAH

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The Boy With No Voice and the Men Who Couldn't Hear

The Tale of Melon City

# The Horrible Dib Dib

by Idries Shah

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Layout and Design: Rachana Shah

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Dedicated to the sense of imagination  
which lives within us all.





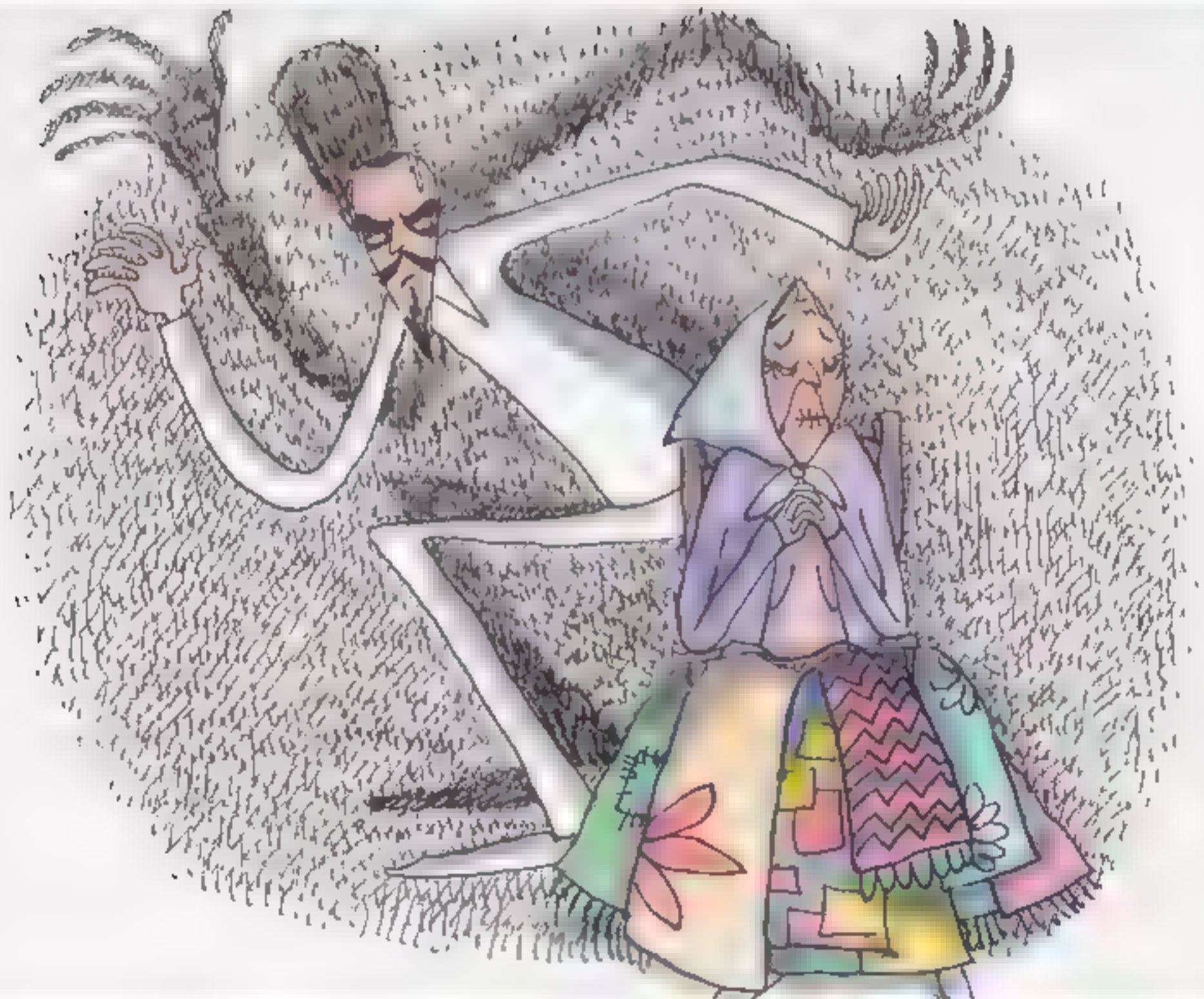
One night, a thief intending to rob an old woman,  
crept through the open window of her home, and listened.





'Ash ... the Dib Dib, the horrible Dib Dib!

This abominable Dib Dib will be the death of me,' cried the old woman's feeble voice.



'What on earth is this awful Dib Dib?' wondered the thief,  
and 'could I have become infected, standing so close to this poor diseased woman?'

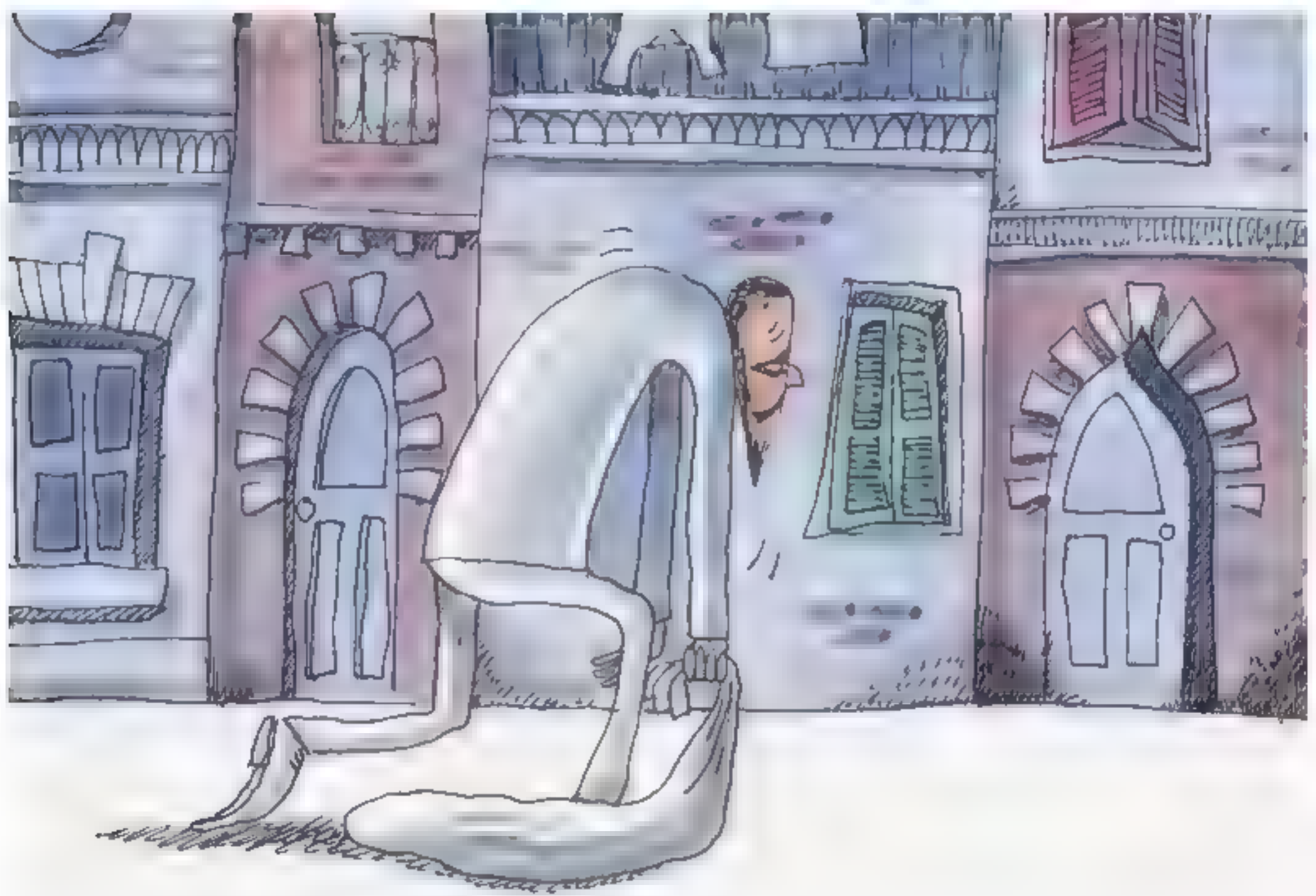
In fact, the more he thought about it, the surer the thief became that he had indeed caught the horrible illness of which she spoke.



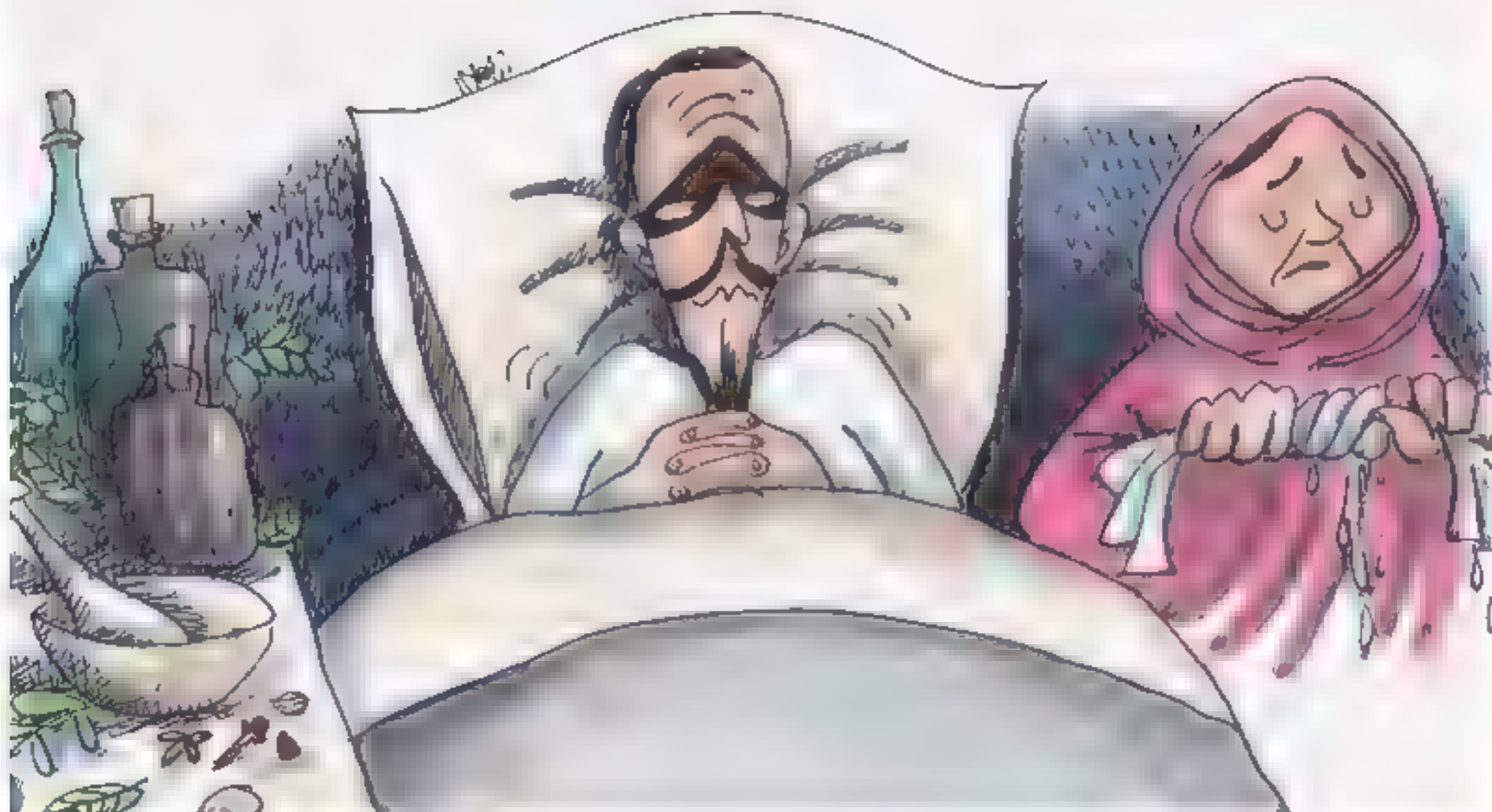




It wasn't long before he was shaking uncontrollably, only just managing to totter home







Seeing her husband in this enfeebled state, the thief's wife put him to bed, mopping his brow, as he groaned

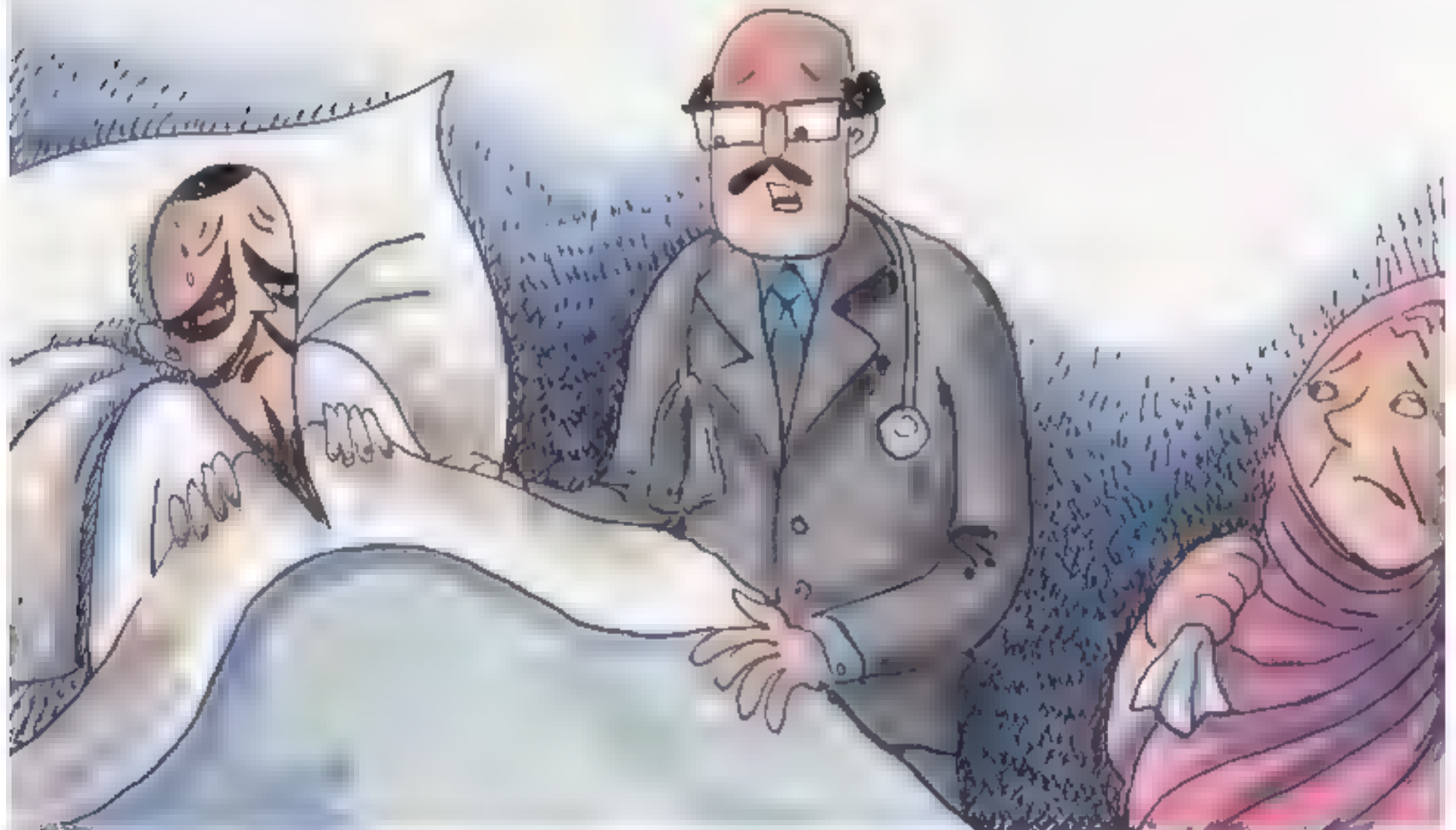
'Oh the sinister Dib Dib, how can there be any doubt that the deadly Dib Dib  
has got me in its grip . . .'





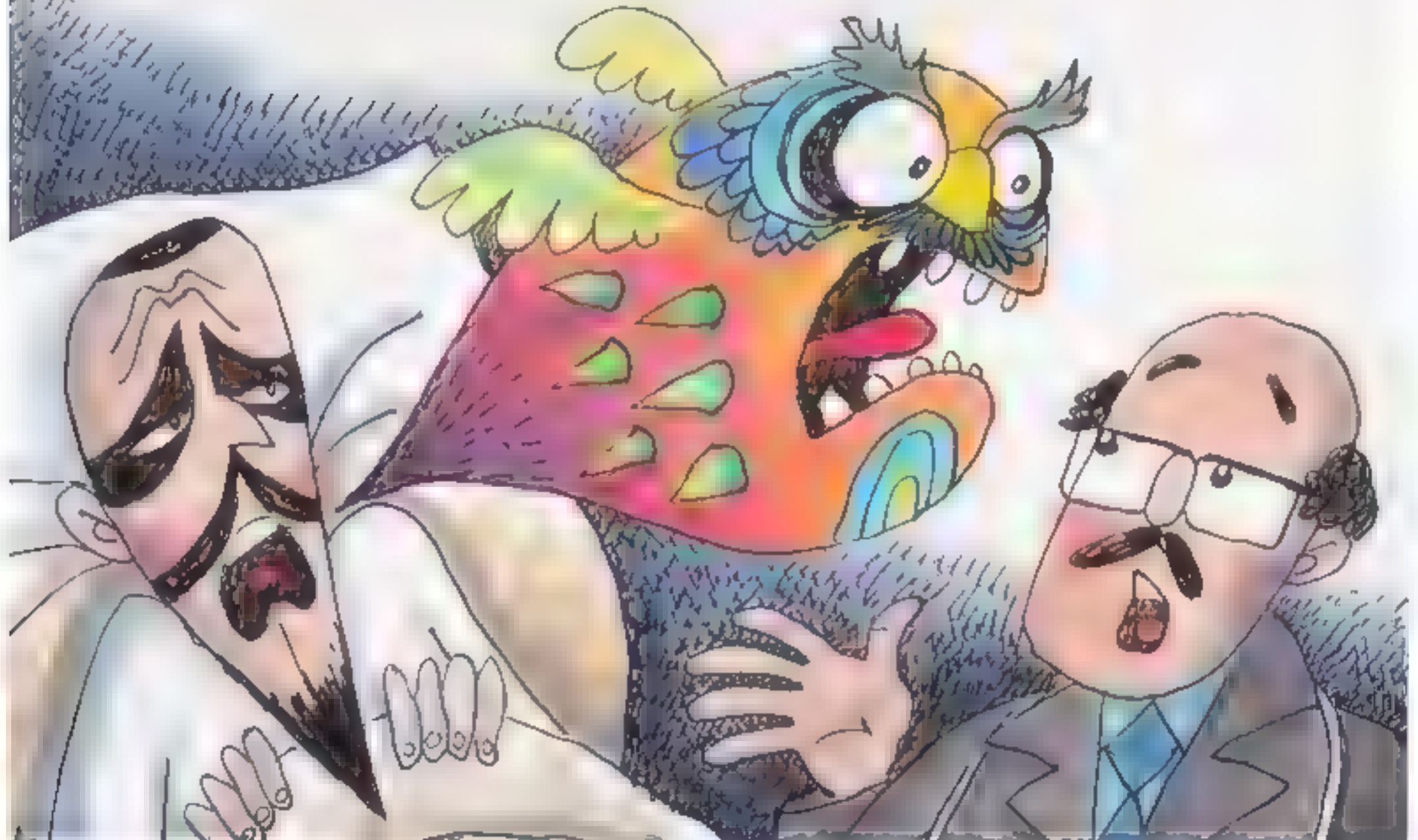
Very worried indeed, the thief's wife rushed off to fetch the doctor

When the thief saw the doctor, he was even more convinced that his final hours had come.



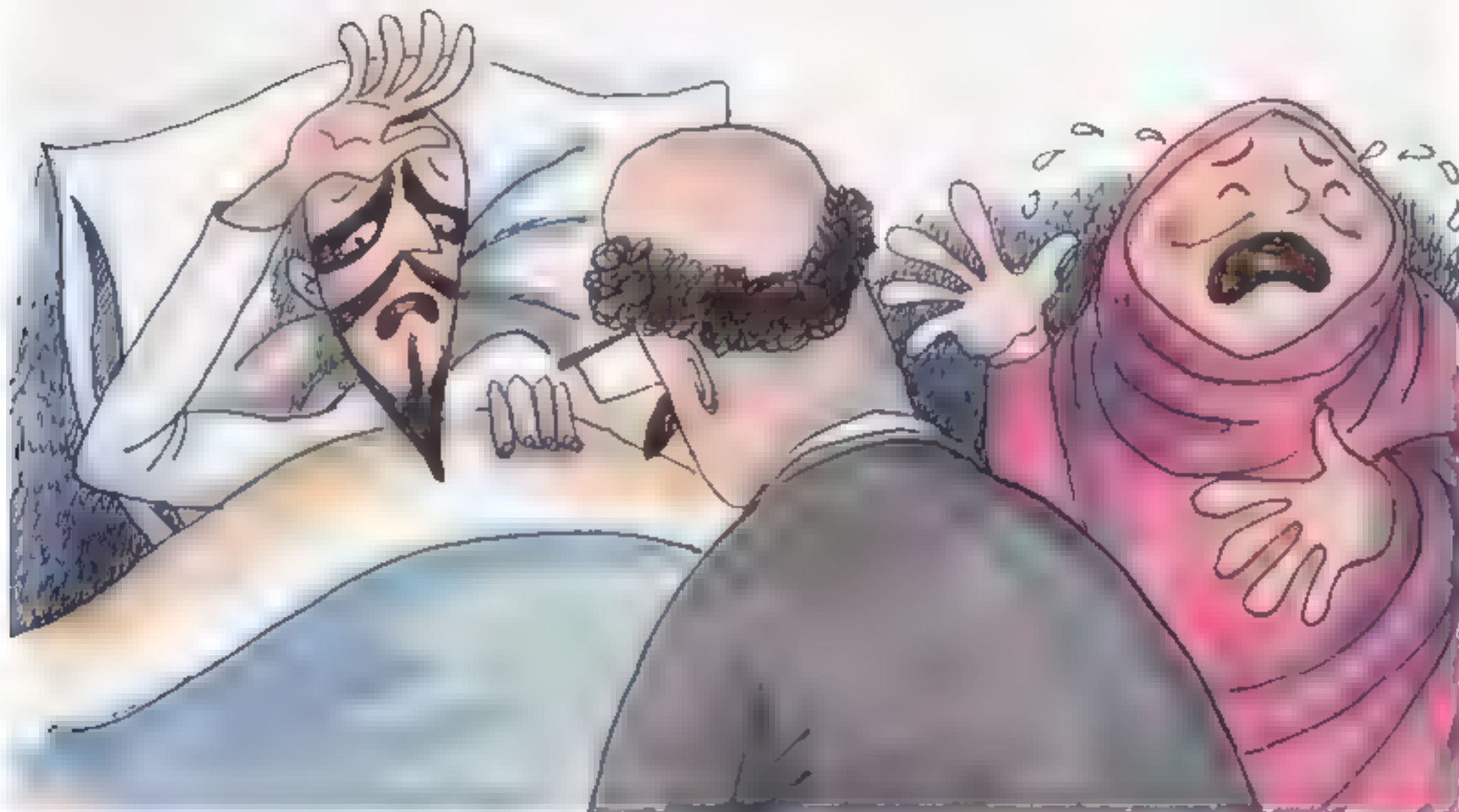


'The old woman at the end of the road has the accursed Dib Dib  
and it has flown from her to infect me '



'My son,' said the doctor, wracking his brain to think of such a lethal flying illness,

'Your remaining hours may be few, take this time to repent and pray for mercy.'










The doctor then hurried off to the old woman's cottage,  
dreading the medical horrors he would find.



Sure enough, he heard whimpering  
from within the dilapidated home.





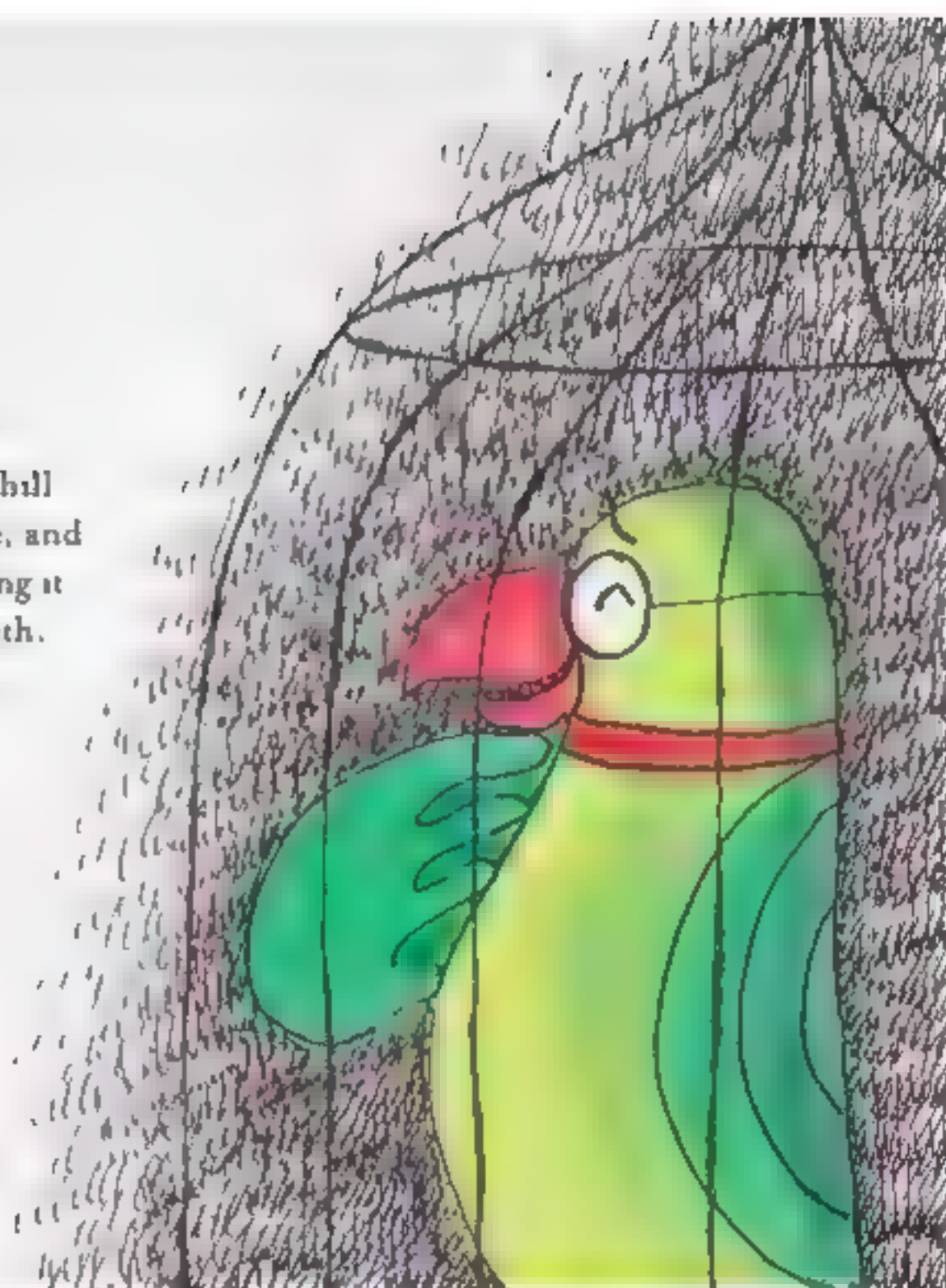


'Foul Dib Dib, you are killing me . stop, stop evil Dib Dib,  
for you are sapping my very life's blood away.'



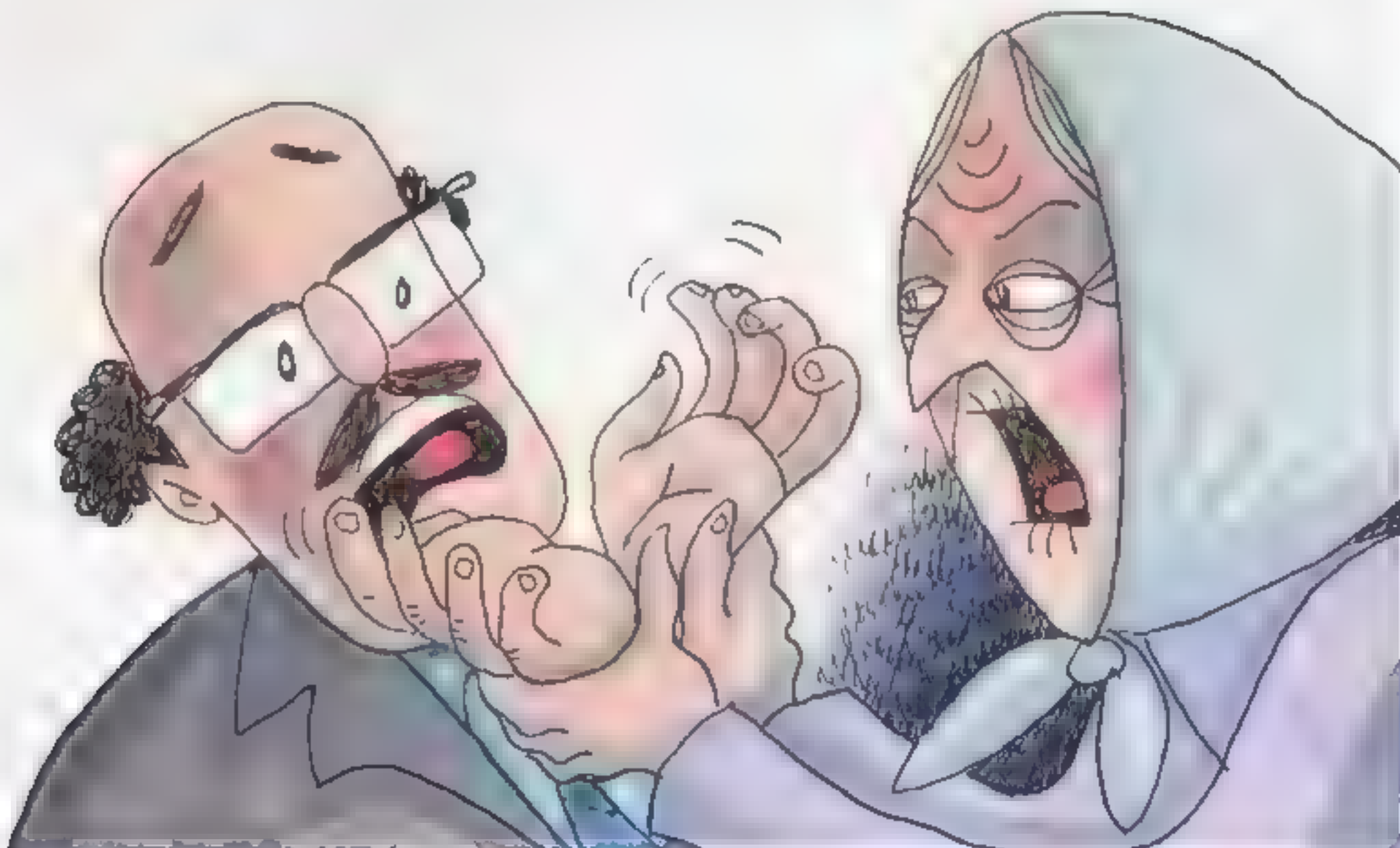


The doctor now began to feel as if an eerie chill had passed through him. He started to shake, and his hands clutched the window-frame, causing it to rattle like the chattering of a thousand teeth.



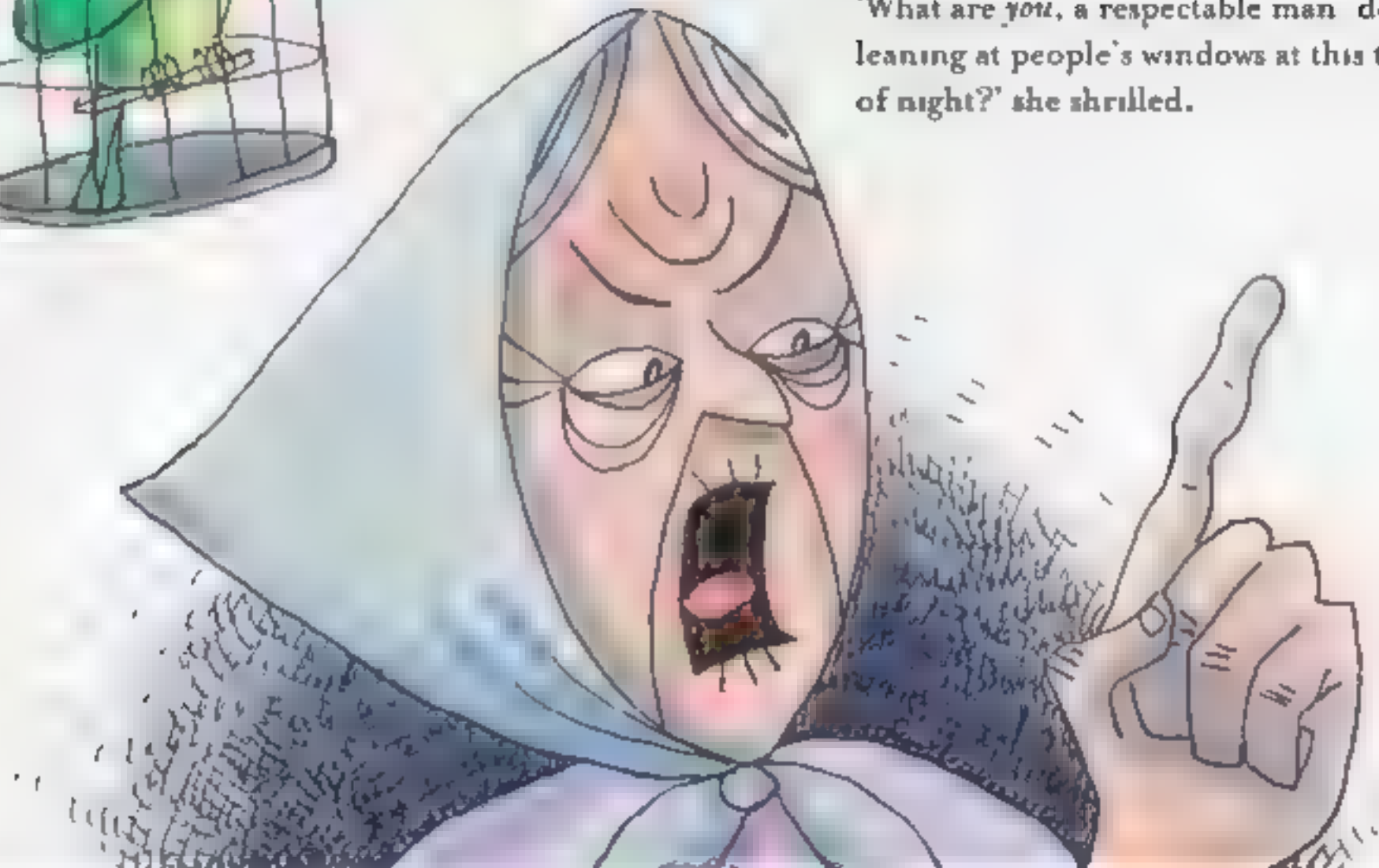


At this alarming sound, the old woman leapt from her chair and seized the now terrified doctor by his quivering hands.





'What are you, a respectable man doing leaning at people's windows at this time of night?' she shrielled.

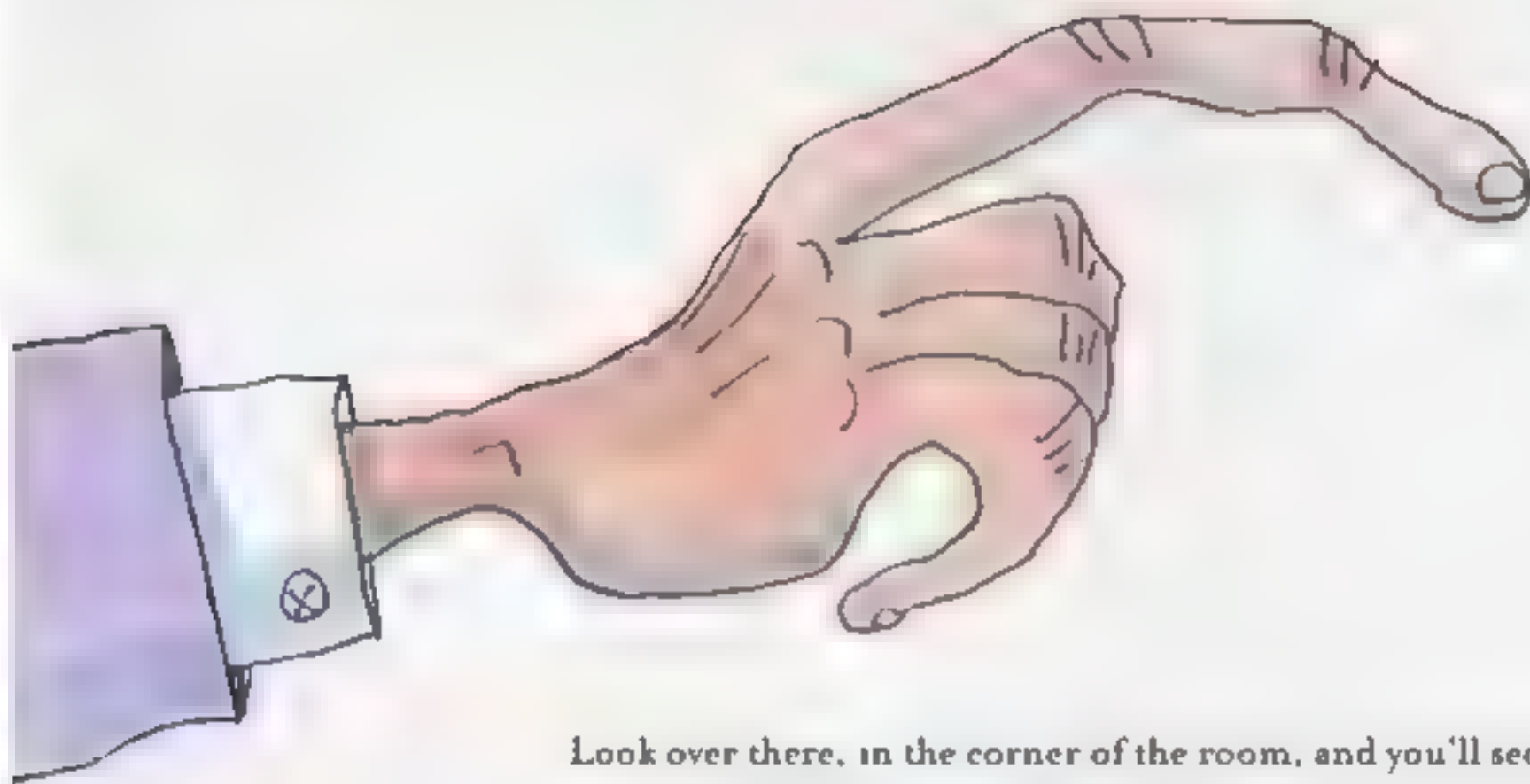


'Good but unfortunate woman!' faltered the doctor theatrically, 'I heard you speak of the awful Dib Dib, and now I fear that it has its clutches upon my heart, as well as upon your own!'



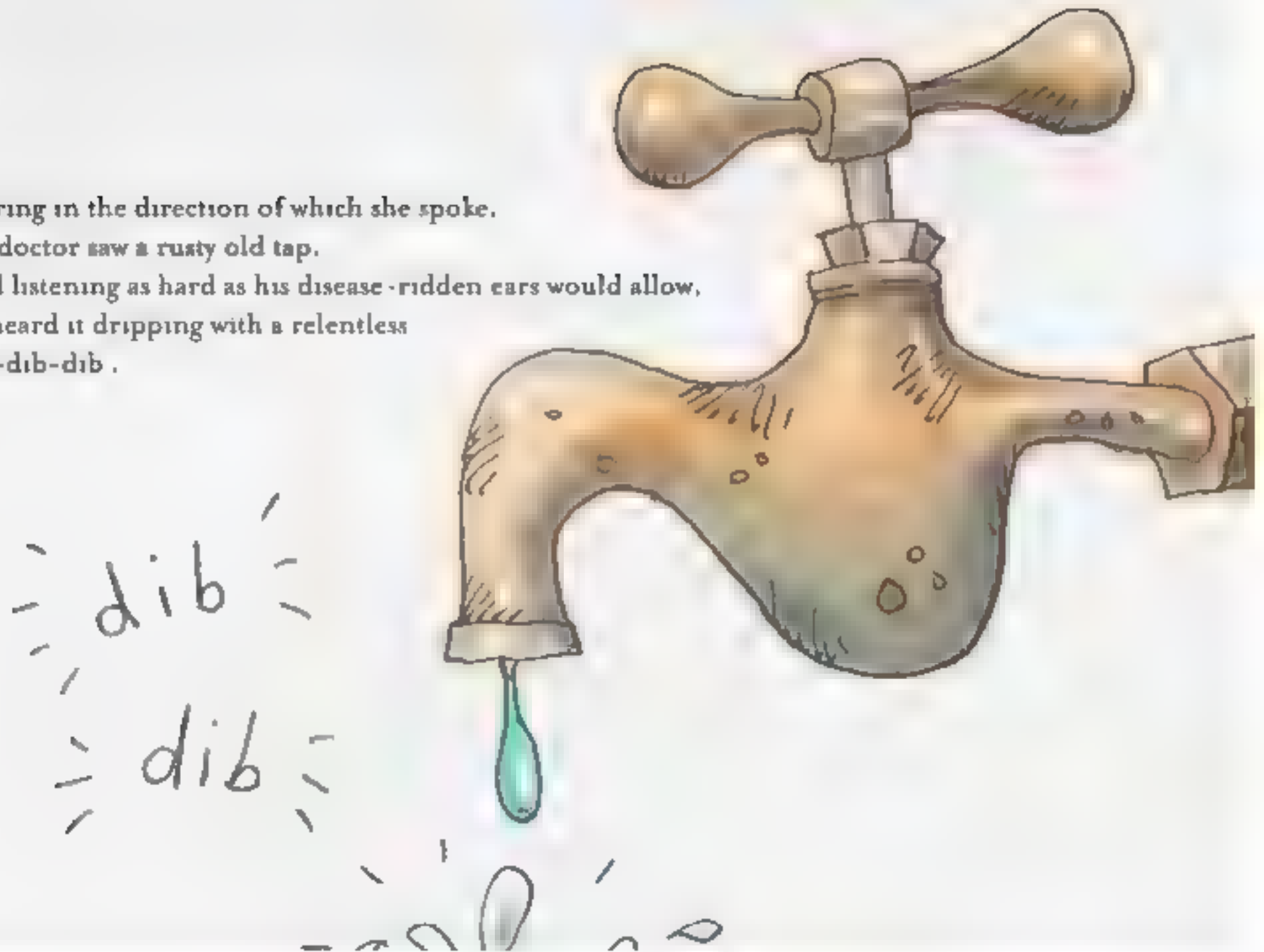
"You incredible fool!" screeched the old woman. "You hear someone say "Dib Dib" and you instantly imagine that it's a lethal illness that is going to suck the last breath from your body!"





Look over there, in the corner of the room, and you'll see the monstrous Dib Dib as it really is '

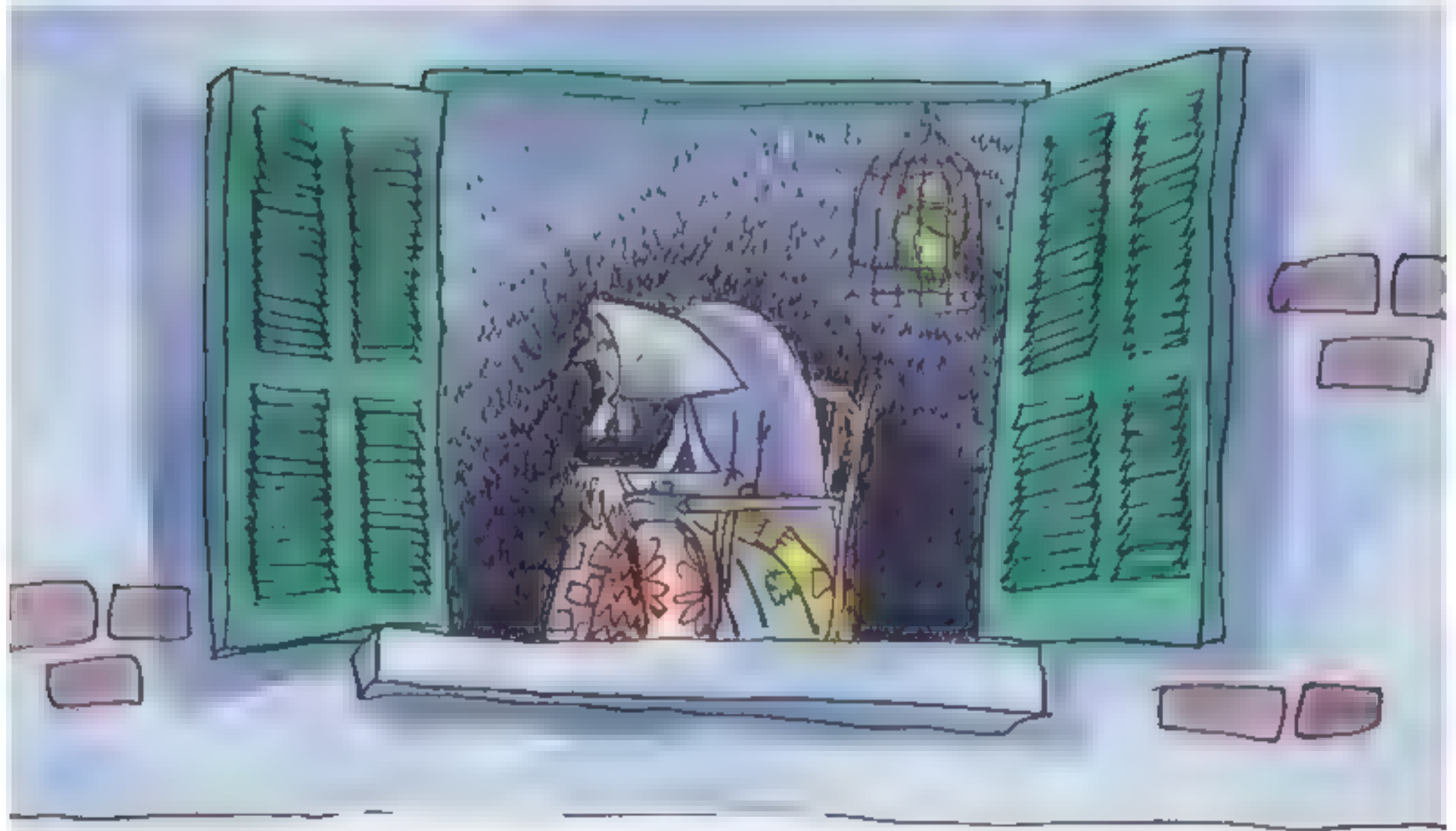
Peering in the direction of which she spoke,  
the doctor saw a rusty old tap.  
And listening as hard as his disease-ridden ears would allow,  
he heard it dripping with a relentless  
dib-dib-dib.





Sheepishly he left the house, having found that his life threatening symptoms had vanished as quickly as they had started, just a few minutes before.





And the old woman settled back down in her chair, muttering about the fools that surrounded her

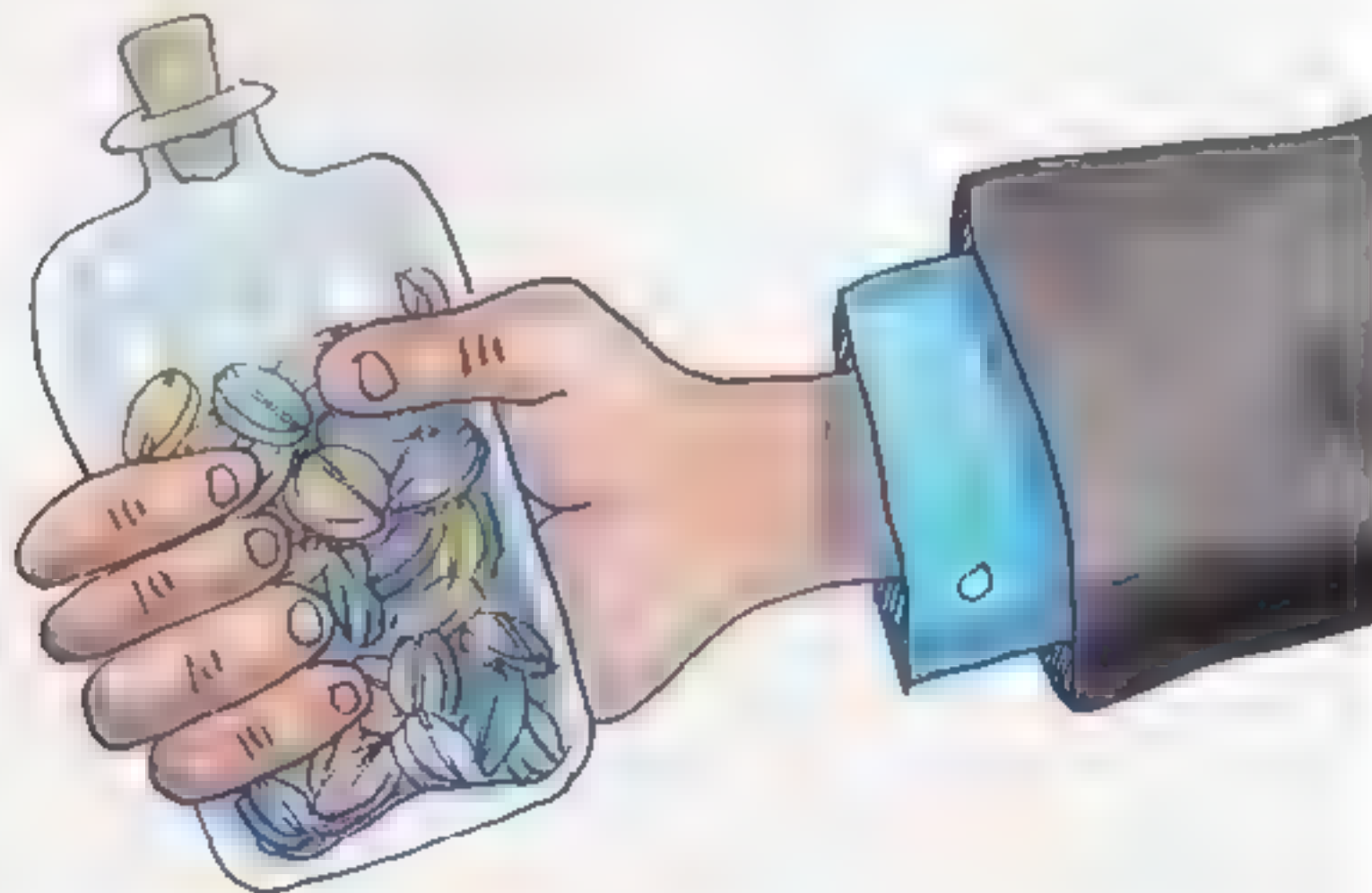




Back at the thief's bedside, the medic pulled himself to his full height and made him promise never to steal again.

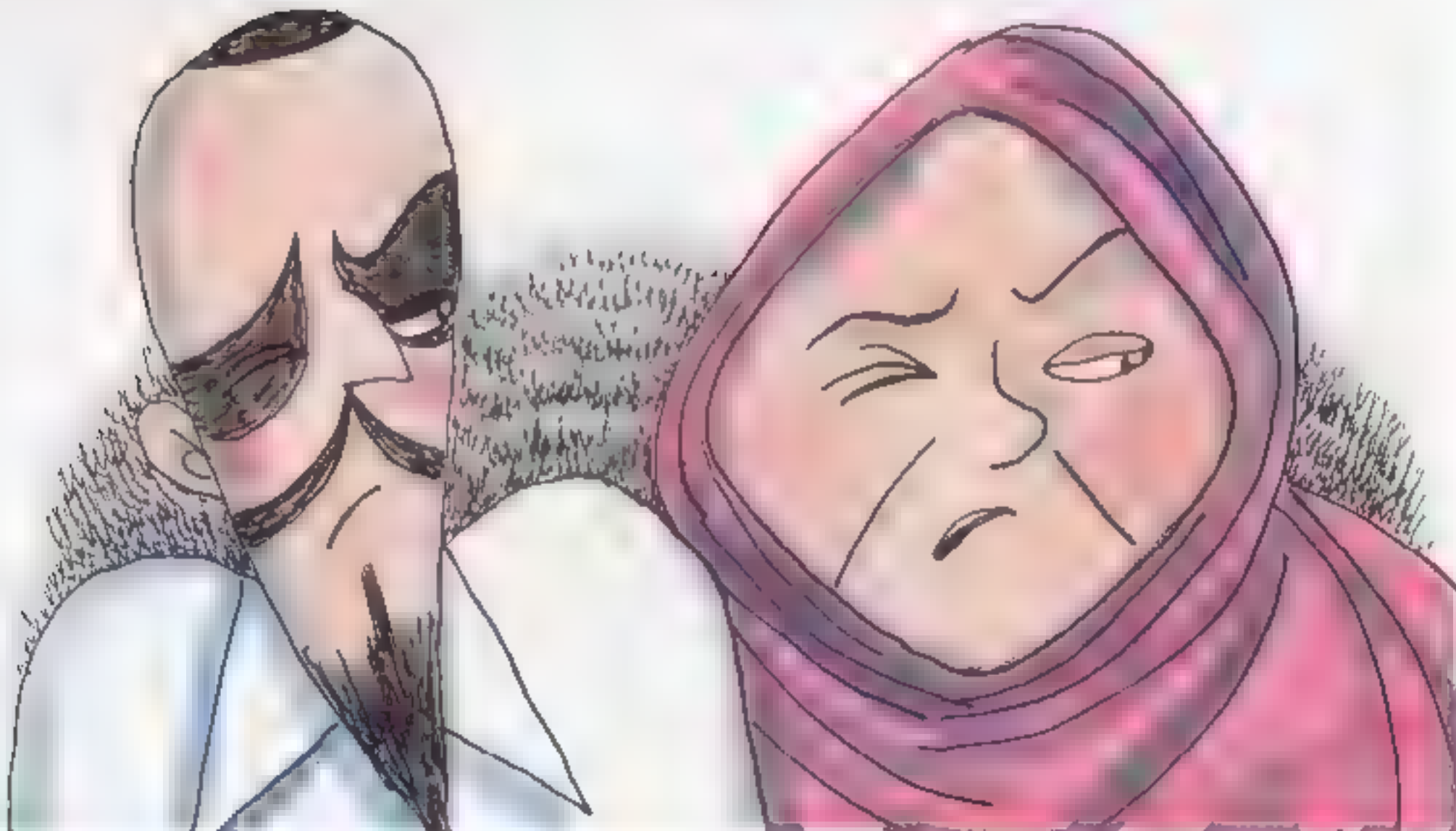


'After a great deal of research into your alarming case. I am prescribing this powerful medicine, which will keep you Dib Dib free.' he lectured



'But the second that you are tempted to take what doesn't belong to you,  
the horrible Dib Dib will immediately strike you down once again.

And next time, it will surely prove fatal.'





Thanking the doctor profusely, the thief jumped up, instantly cured.

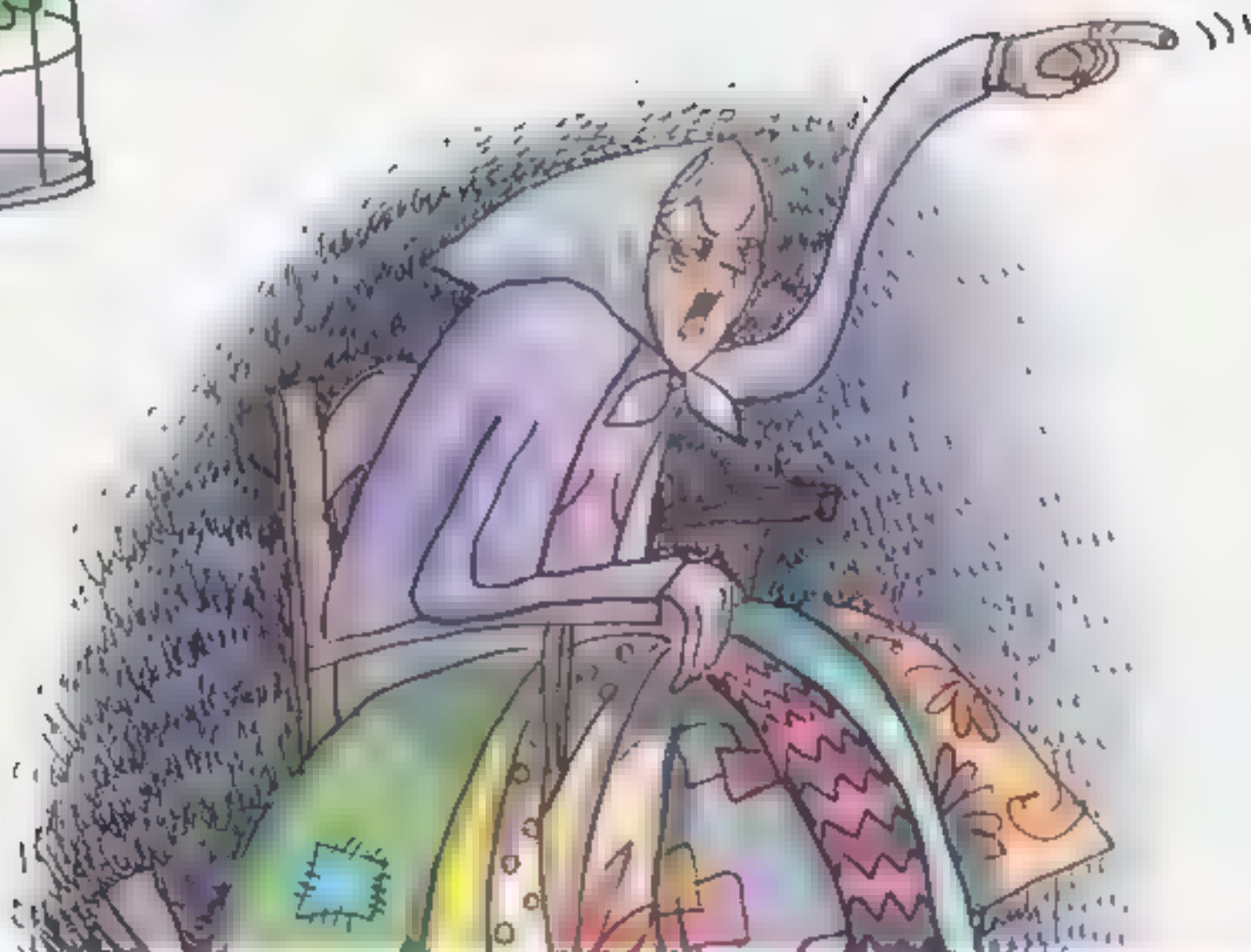


I am happy to say that no matter how tempted he was, he never stole again.

Which meant that the horrible Dib Dib never struck him down again.

Which left him in good enough health to begin a new career as a pharmacist.





And the old woman went back to shouting at the dripping tap in the corner of her room.  
Because although the doctor had offered to fix it, she had declined.



Secretly, the doctor was pleased that the tap kept dripping



Because it reminded him of how, he too had been ever so briefly







... struck down by the

horrible,

horrible

Dib Dib.

The  
End







